



Scripts.com

Il sole anche di notte (The Sun Also Shines at Night)

By Vittorio Taviani

Script by PAOLO and VITTORIO TAVIANI

liberally based on the story "Father Sergius" |by L. Tolstoy

Come on.

Thank you.

NIGHT SUN:

It goes against my principles, sire...

to put forward the name |of Sergio Giuramondo.

But the young man dominates |his fellow cadets...

in intellectual and military disciplines...

as well as at the card table |and on the dance floor.

He is also conspicuous |for his excessive outbursts of rage.

Once he nearly threw an officer |out the window...

after a sarcastic remark about his appetite |as he was attacking a dish of cutlets.

But perhaps it's this infernal pride |of his that drives him...

to excel in everything he does.

What is it, then, |that goes against your principles?

The fact that he comes |from the minor provincial nobility.

He comes from some dismal part |of Basilicata.

From this point of view, most other cadets |have better credentials.

Is it they I hear singing |down in the courtyard?

Yes, sire, it is your cadets.

They know that Your Majesty |makes his choice this morning.

Why did you tell them?

Now they'll all be unhappy, I'm sure.

Forty-nine disappointed cadets...

for one fulfilled and content.

Bring my deck of cards!

You tell me this Sergio Giuramondo |is a good card player.

Have him come up.

I want to play a game of Scopa with him.

But you mean here, Your Majesty?

What better place?

Call Baron Giuramondo.

They want Sergio Giuramondo.

Baron Giuramondo!

If I'm not dreaming, nod your head.

Well done!

Where did you learn to play so well?

I learned...

in Basilicata, Your Majesty. |That's why I call this game Shaba.

Isn't dialect frowned upon |in the Military Academy?

I allowed myself one word in dialect |because everybody knows Your

Majesty...

has studied it with love|to be close to our people.

And it was really hard, my boy.

Where are your thoughts now?

No, I order you to tell me|what you are thinking about.

That I am playing cards|with Your Majesty...

and that if I reached out, I could touch you.

- That my vow has been heard.|- What vow?

It was the year Your Majesty came down...

to drain the Terzano marshes.

The whole village came out to watch.

were skeptical.

I was only eight years old at the time...

but I sensed that Your Majesty was Ionely.

When the time came to go home...

and I walked all the way back.

What's the matter with your foot?

What's the meaning of this?

I made a vow.

At your age?

When I grow up, I want to be close...

to the King, so that I can help him.

Baron Giuramondo!

The winner's prize.

Somewhat sentimental for a soldier,|but I admire him.

The fellow had the courage to defeat me.

The court will not look favorably|on a youth of such humble origins.

Then we'll have to marry him|to one of our young duchesses.

Good-looking boy, too, I would say.|I imagine the girls like him.

Yes, sire, and it's reciprocated.|He has a reputation!

But there's not one duchess|who would accept him.

I have a certain young lady|in mind who might!

- Aren't you feeling well, my boy?|- What?

- Are you ill?|- No.

It's my brothers and sisters,|come and see.

They're crying over me.

They came to my room|a little while ago and realized...

that tomorrow I'm getting married|and I'll be leaving them forever.

They make me feel guilty|because I don't feel like crying.

Since I've known you, I don't seem to care|about anybody, not even the ones...

I was closest to.

Cristina!

Come here.

I'll come back every Sunday. I promise.
And you? How can you prove you love me?
Tell my daughter I want to see her.
Play me the introduction again.
My daughter will be singing the song.
How does it look there?|What do you think?
Try it a little higher. Like that?
- A little to the left perhaps.|- There?
We'll have Cristina sing the song, eh?
Yes, yes.
- What do you think?|- Perfect.
Bring that down a bit.
You're overtiring yourself, Cecilia.|Sit down for a minute.
I'm very worried, Mama.
Do you want to ruin|your daughter's happiest day?
I don't think it's right that...
Cristina, and all of us,|go on deceiving Sergio in this way.
We're in His Majesty's hands.
And I don't think that|the young man's all that unhappy, do you?
Because he doesn't know.
And you forget too easily.
Wait.
I must tell you something.|If I don't tell you now, I never will.
- It can't wait.|- What is it?
- Cristina!|- Yes?
Listen! Listen.
I've come to understand myself|since I've known you...
and I've found|that I'm better than I thought.
But I've known that for a while.|That's what made me love you.
If you do this|I will never be able to tell you.
You must know that|I approached you out of interest.
- I was thinking of my career.|- Stop it!
No, let me talk.
I wanted to be part of the aristocratic|society that excluded me.
But, my God,|how paltry all that seems next to you!
You despise me now for this.
How could I?
Cristina!
Now, come on.
Where have you been?
The musicians are waiting|to rehearse with you.
- Papa, I'd really...|- No, Cristina has to sing.
Mama, I don't want to sing,|please tell Papa.
- Of course you do, go on.|- Come on now.

Make yourselves comfortable. | And silence, everybody, please.

Papa!

But it's a present from the King!

Ah! Well, come and look, everybody.

What can it be? The King's present!

A golden cage!

- Look, two real doves! | - Cristina, come and see!

- Look, in the cage, two mechanical birds! | - They seem real!

Why, so there are!

- Do you think they sing? | - I'm sure they do.

Yes, you, too. Come and look.

- That's right, Giovanni, wind it up. | - Listen!

What a voice!

That is a gift worthy of a King!

- Are you in here? | - Don't open the curtains.

- Are you angry with me? | - No.

But stay where you are, please.

You are angry with me.

Just now you were honest with me, | now I must be honest with you.

I've already loved someone.

Yes, it was him, King Charles.

We all love him. I imagine when | you were in school, all you girls...

No, no, it was after that. No, close them!

That was nothing else but young love, | it was normal. Then it was different.

Charles and I were lovers, | we were lovers for a whole year.

Everyone knew about it.

That's the only reason | my family accepted you.

Now you can open the curtains.

Yes.

Go.

Go!

Sergio!

My son...

If you weren't a woman!

We're leaving.

We're leaving.

You've forgotten your coat, sir.

Forgive me. I'm sorry.

Come on.

You're not to be trusted either!

Sergio!

Grandfather's been waiting to eat | for nearly an hour.

Sergio's not here, | he went down to the river.

Down to the river!

Sergio likes our young peasant girls.
Tonight I'll make him tell me everything.
None of you have any respect.
Mother, aren't you going|to come and eat either?
You go on without me.
I'm not hungry.
You have no respect, I say.
You don't let me eat on time,|you don't let me sleep at night.
Last night I didn't close my eyes|for a second.
Who is it who's sleeping|in the room next to mine?
Someone seems to have|brought a baby there.
And it cried all night long.
Of course no one took the trouble|to try to make it stop.
Just eat your lunch, don't get confused.
There haven't been any babies|in this house for a long time.
You should know that.
Sergio sleeps in the room next to yours.
I'm going out onto the terrace.
Here, come on, eat this.
You realize who was crying last night?
Oh, Grandfather probably imagined it.
No, it was Sergio.
Of course it was.
It was Sergio.
Why did he go down to the river?
You see? He came down for a swim.
Then he should be here. He must be here.
It's the only part where|it's deep enough to swim.
He's not down there.
- Nor there.|- Help me to climb down.
- But, Mother, you don't think...|- I said help me.
Mother, you mustn't think that.
We mustn't let ourselves think that!
Baron Sergio's with us.
He's at the dovecot.
You go and fetch Sergio.
I'll wait for you on the road.
You're being too delicate, Sergio.
Those clods have to become like sand.
Sergio!
I won't be long.
I'm sorry.
Don't ever leave this|on the riverbank again.
You know, Mother was convinced|that you'd drowned.

Really?

In the river?

No, I could never drown myself in water|we learned to swim in as children.
It'll bring you good luck.

I'll need it. I'm leaving tomorrow.

I've had many thoughts, you know,|Giuseppina, while working here.
Sergio, you ought to go back to Cristina.

I'm going to the monastery|at Padula, as a novice.

You're becoming a monk?|I'm sorry, forgive me.

I'd laugh, too, if you suddenly told me|you were going to become a nun.
It won't be easy to explain|my reasons to Mama.

I'll tell her then.

You'll see, he'll change his mind.

I know why he's doing it.

He wants to end up higher|than those who humiliated him.

You know him better|than anyone, Mother!

But Sergio's not doing it|only because of that.

Please take me.

Take me, Lord, please take me.

From the monastery of Padula.

I can't really say I'm very happy...

don't tell Mother that!

After three years here...

what I'm looking for...

perhaps you're smiling at this minute...

both internal and external.

Forgive me if I confide my doubts to you.

On the credit side, I can tell you...

in theology, the Gregorian chant...

We eat quite well here, too.

The only time I feel deeply moved...

Offertory, but rainbows don't last long.

into your head to come and visit me.

Giuseppina, comes all my love for you...

for Mother and for our countryside.

to the old couple for me...

I don't only think of the Lord...

but also of them and their pigeons.

You may be interested to know that...

I shall serve mass...

outside of the monastery, in Naples.

Frankly I didn't want to...

but I am obeying our bishop...

about his ecclesiastical career.

I force myself to be humble...
I cannot stop judging.
Perhaps because I sense that the bishop...
only wants me here to show off...
who has become a monk.
The whole of the Naples nobility is here.
Prince Santobuono's just come in, |the King's aide-de-camp.
It's true, Excellency.
Father Sergio's serving mass.
- Now there's also...|- I don't want to know.
- Do you want to be replaced?|- No, no, no.
Take my advice, Sergio, and try not |to turn round during the service.
Whatever you do, don't faint at the altar.
No, but check on me now and then.
Would you like to leave?
I'm a little scared, but I don't want to go.
When the mass is over, |I'll introduce you to him.
He's not as handsome as they all said.
Is it really him?
Yes, that's him all right.
Look, look.
Thank you for persuading me |to come and see him.
It hasn't been bad.
I'm sure Your Excellency will be pleased...
to see your old comrade-in-arms.
And here he is.
Father Sergio, come forward.
Prince Santobuono has come to see you.
It's quite touching to see you again...
in such angelic apparel.
I believe Your Grace sent for me.
Yes.
I wanted you to meet |His Majesty's aide-de-camp.
Well, shall I shake you hand? |Or do you want me to kiss it?
I have renounced the world, |why do you wish to expose me to it?
May I offer you some refreshment, |Excellency?
- Shall we serve, Your Grace?|- Yes, yes, of course.
You may withdraw.
A cup of chocolate, Excellency?
I have committed a sin of pride. |I need someone to forgive me.
Me?
Here?
Father Sergio's request.
News has come to us of the death...

of our young brother, Egidio...
hermit on Mount Petra...
where he wished to be buried.
Father Sergio will take his place.
Who are you?
They sent me here|from the Castelnegro monastery.
I'm here to serve you.
I didn't ask for anyone.
That's what I told them.|I mean a hermit's supposed to be alone.
You're afraid.
How old are you?
Did you know Egidio was just your age|when he discovered his vocation?
What vocation?
I want to work on the land|like my brothers.
I'll make you something to eat.
You can go home, if you know the way.
I'm better now, I'll be all right.
It's me who prefers to be alone.
You mean it? Really?
No, who'd kill your bedbugs for you?
Go.
Egidio, my brother...
help me, have compassion on me.
But please don't appear to me tonight.
Or you'll scare me.
Take me, Lord, please take me.
We've come because|we wanted to bring you something.
We've had it for two years.
Your mother gave it to us|just before she died.
We kept saying we must go,|but somehow we never left.
It's a woolen undershirt.
Your mother was worried to death|about how damp it would be up here.
I'll take it as a keepsake,|but I won't wear it.
But it'll keep you nice and warm.
He keeps me warm. I am at His disposal.
You speak like a saint.|But you mark my words, Sergio...
God helps those who help themselves.
Take care of your cold by yourself.
- Any news of my sister?|- She sent us word from Spain that...
- she's had another son.|- With that nice soldier of hers.
Are you sure|you don't have anything else to tell me?
Well, yes.
I don't know if we should say it.
We've been married 40 years...

and the one thing we both long for...
is to close our eyes at the same moment.
We've always lived side by side.
And we'd like to make our very last journey, side by side.
May one ask something like that, Father Sergio?
Well, I hope it's as far off as possible, because I need you.
You know, I often think of your pigeons...
and the dung we used to put under the plants.
- Are there still a lot of them? - More than a hundred.
Well, you tell them when you get back that sometimes I'm as happy as they
are...
when they fly in the evening before they go back to their holes.
You see, you can always tell when gentlemen have studied.
They can make even pigeon droppings smell good.
Let all your days be good ones.
May the sun shine on you, even at night.
- Don't forget that thing we spoke of. - What thing?
The wish we told you about.
Where are you going? It's this way.
- What are you doing? - That's not the road.
- You're wrong. - No, you're wrong.
I know this country like the back of my hand.
- Stop! Stop! - Pull the step down, I want to get out.
Can't you see that road goes up into the mountains?
I told you, at that last crossroads we should have turned right.
I don't recognize this place at all. What should we do?
I'm afraid we're lost.
Oh, my, we've really ended up in the middle of nowhere.
I knew we'd taken the wrong road.
Idiots!
Listen, my man, we have to get back to Naples...
but it's rather late. I want to be there before dark.
Is that the quickest way back?
Lord have mercy, squire, you won't get to Naples that way.
- Where does it lead? - To Father Sergio.
- The hermit? - The handsome baron?
We've found a solution.
It'll be dark in an hour or so...
but a few miles down the road there's the Malvezzi Palace.
Is there? We'll give them a surprise, and then...
we'll spend the night.
- All right then. - Everyone back in their carriages.
I have no wish to go to the Malvezzi's.
If I have to see anyone, I'd rather it was that lonely soul.

Lonely soul? You mean the hermit?

- With what in mind?|- Nothing.

I'd just like to.

I didn't know you were religious!

What does that matter? It doesn't.

Of course, because you're thinking|of something else.

That's possible.

You're looking for a new experience.

Pull up here!

Why have you stopped here?

This is the right road, isn't it?

You go on to the Malvezzi's.|We're not coming.

- Where are you going, then?|- We'll tell you all about it tomorrow.

We will tell you everything.

You go on.

I must admit I've been bored|to death all day long.

You all went fishing, but I didn't.

Then you went swimming, but I didn't.

No, it's been a really boring day,|really boring!

I don't know.

It's not just today,|the trouble is you're never satisfied.

Why are you always so discontented?

You shouldn't torment yourself.

You have everything,|and above all, you're beautiful.

- Oh, I know that!|- You're like one of those pears...

that fall from the tree and then can never|make up their minds where to settle.

All the pears I've seen ended up|on the ground.

- Or in somebody's bed!|- That can happen, too.

It might even happen tonight.

But not with that man!

You never know.

Forgive me for yawning, Egidio.

You know as well as I do|how days like this...

seem to last twice as long.

And you, perhaps...

are no more than the mound of earth...

on which those two beetles are coupling.

- How old is he?|- Who?

Father Sergio.

I don't know exactly, but he's over thirty.

Would you like us to turn back again...

and join up with the others?

No. Come for me before dawn.

Thank you for sending|this cooling rain, Egidio.

It came just in time.

Now I'll get ready for bed...

and tomorrow, with the rising sun,|everything will seem simpler.

No, from now on, only water.

I don't need you anymore. Off you go!

"Our Father, who art in Heaven

"hallowed be Thy name

"Thy Kingdom come|thy will be done

"on earth as it is in heaven

"Give us this day our daily bread

"And forgive us our trespasses

"as we forgive those|who trespass against us

"And lead us not into temptation

"but deliver us from evil

"Amen"

Father Sergio! Father Sergio!

I'm a lost woman,|in the true sense of the word!

Let me in!

You want me to catch pneumonia|so your soul won't come to any harm?

I'm freezing. I'll die.

I'm sorry.

That's all right, baron.

You're really not such|a terrible man, are you?

I must ask you to forgive me|for disturbing your solitude.

I was out for a drive with friends and|I made a bet that I would get back first...

by taking a short cut.|I'm afraid I lost the way.

Of course.

I'm soaking wet, where can I dry myself?

There are hot coals in the brazier.

But I'd have to take my dress off.

- I'll go outside.|- No.

It's pouring.

Anyway, I know you won't turn round.

Lord, how wet I am!

Egidio, make my ears hear|only the sound of this rain!

Father Sergio.

Baron.

Sergio.

The real bet was that I would|make you fall in love with me.

Of course you despise me now, don't you?

It's too late for sincerity.

If you don't want to forgive me...

at least talk to me.
If only I had your sincerity!
It's I who should feel guilty.
Since you came in, I can hardly|remember the reasons I'm up here.
You know, I can't|even imagine one reason.
Maybe the astonishment I felt as a child...
at people's indifference.
"Is it possible," I would ask myself...
"that no one thinks of anyone else,|and that no one asks themselves why?"
That is the reason I said to myself...
if one man, just one man...
were to isolate himself...
to think of all the others|for all the others...
then maybe there is still hope for us.
You speak of hope, of life.
But a solitary bed, forgive me,|makes me think of a coffin.
They'll be coming for me soon.
Forget about me.
I'll stay here without talking.
No one would know about it.
I think I've got a temperature.
Your friends are here.
You'd better get dressed.
No, go away.
But I...
Go away now.
I've lost.|But then, Aurelia, you always win!
- Aurelia!|- Don't ask me anything. Go without me.
- What do you mean, without you?|- I'll follow you on foot.
On foot!
- Barefoot?|- I beg you, go!
You're worse than this wind that blows|out all the candles I brought you.
I've been standing here all day calling you.
You hear that?|You've made me lose my voice.
Why do you refuse to lay|your hand on my son's head?
Miracles are all right|when it's a question of...
saving whores|and sending them off to convents!
So why won't you give the power|of speech to my poor boy?
I'm only coming out because|if not your son will freeze to death.
Just touch him!
Work a miracle.
Put him down|so I can give him this hot herb tea.
I don't work miracles.
In that case I prefer that he dies of cold.

A dumb boy's no use to us|or anyone else, not even to himself.
Look, miracles happen by themselves|if you deserve them.
But you're a brigand.
They were trying to kill me, Father.
I know my life's not worth much,|but my son's is another matter.
No, the other. The other hand.
Talk!
He touched you with his crippled hand,|didn't he? Talk, then!
Luca! Rocco! Fernando?|Come here, all of you.
Come!
Father Sergio's worked a miracle.
A miracle!
Keep me far, I pray thee,|from earthly glory!
Slowly. Like that, slowly.
To His Eminence, Cardinal Massa,|I regret to inform you...
that the work on the Petra hermitage|is only half completed.
The shepherds are leaving|the mountains...
and driving their flocks|down to the valleys.
Let's hope that we're not caught|by an early snowfall.
We work day and night...
but of course I am not writing|to Your Eminence to complain...
because I know that all our efforts...
are for the greater glory|of the Church and of Father Sergio.
Don't kneel to me, it's I who need|your help. Take me with you.
But all the people along the road|will know who you are, Father.
Father Sergio!
Father Sergio, the new cell|we built for you is already finished.
Come.
Be patient, dear, the sun's still high.
We come from Calabria.|Most of us are merchants.
We haven't come empty-handed.|We've brought twelve wooden statues.
We've taken up a collection for the church.|There is an organ...
which will accompany|our three castrati's angelic voices.
Why am I still here waiting for you all?
You give me these crosses in order|to try to forget...
the suffering you have inflicted|on those you've lent money to...
at an exorbitant rate of interest.
You want me to tell you|how to obliterate the sin...
of the baby you gave birth to in secret...
or that you suffocated in its sleep.
How nice and polite you are!
And yet the only miracle|you want from me...
is a new pair of balls, and hell|for those who cut the old ones off.
You should see how beautiful|this place is today!

You can't help me anymore, Egidio.
They've turned you into a Christmas tree...
and I have become just a place.
Father Biagio.
Bring them here.
But you're too weak.
You've been fasting for two days.
Bring them here.
You've fainted twice already, |Father Sergio.
Isn't that how saints do it?
Come forward! Come forward! |He'll see you. He'll receive you now.
Today's the fifth anniversary |of the miracle...
you worked on the son |of our chief, Gesuino...
to commemorate which |he now sends you with his thanks...
pigs to feed your poor with and |prisoners whose lives he spared for you.
Out! Out!
Do you recognize me? Father!
It's Prince Santobuono!
It's Prince Santobuono!
Leave us! I'll take you inside.
No, I'm going straight back to Naples.
I suppose I must thank you.
- Thank the good heart of Gesuino. | - That man?
All my men wore these round their necks.
But that butcher slit their throats, |one by one, every Sunday...
to mark the holy day!
- He spared your life. | - And that was his big mistake.
I'll be back here with a thousand men.
I want to kill him and his son.
Revenge is no way to give thanks.
And it might harm |your reputation as a saint.
Who would ever have thought |we'd end up here...
me a hermit and you a hostage.
It's part of the profession |I chose and which I like.
Mine isn't a profession, it's a mission.
But recently it's been turning |into a profession.
I thought it'd be easier to seek God here.
I'm afraid that he who looks |for God doesn't find Him.
But he who looks for truth may meet God.
Excuse me. |I hear the confessions of so many people...
that today it's I who feel like confessing.
Anyway, even here you managed |to stand out.
You're known as far away as Madrid.
Once, in the Vatican, |I found myself boasting...

because I had been a friend of yours.
You're a famous man, Father Sergio.
You don't need to put pebbles|in your shoes anymore.
- You knew about that, too?|- The King told us.
- To laugh behind my back!|- No, to make us envious.
Before we go, we want Father Sergio...
who saved our lives by a miracle,|to bless us.
Yes, Sergio. They're singing for your glory.
- Father Sergio, are you all right?|- We'll take you inside.
Lean on me. Come, come.
It's just a moment of weakness.
- He's not feeling well.|- Easy.
Give him room to breathe. Easy.
Without you we are lost.
Stand back, or I'll hit you.
You have been told|that's enough for today.
Tomorrow we will await God's will.
Thank you.
Father, if you really want to thank me...
please bless my little daughter.
Her mother suddenly passed away...
and she's been in a sort of trance|ever since.
- Is she weak?|- Physically, no.
In body she's fit and healthy.
She rarely stirs by day.
She can go out only after sunset.
I'm too tired now.
Bring her to me tonight.
It's pork, I know.
But the pigs were a miracle,|and you must eat, Father.
Have the merchant's daughter come in.
They have been waiting outside|for an hour.
Come in. You sit here.|And you come with me.
I want my papa.
Why are you afraid?
Where does it hurt?
Everywhere.
Here.
Here.
Here.
You'll get better. Pray!
Yes, I pray, and none|of my prayers are answered.
It's you who should be praying.
And then you should lay your hand on me.

You know, I dreamt of you.

Yes.

You dreamt of me!

What was I doing?

Here.

I felt you place the palm of your hand...

here on my breast, as you are now.

What's your name?

Matilda, why?

Why must you always stand|next to the light?

This is the wise eye...

this is his brother.

This is the church.

If you weren't sick...

I'd say you were the Devil.

Supposing I was, what would it matter?

I'll cut some more.

There are a lot of leftovers tonight.

Ma, there's a stranger here asking|about the old couple.

Didn't you tell him they're no longer here?

No.

They're both dead.

Did you come here hoping|to get some pigeon dung?

There isn't any.

There are hardly any pigeons left.

We try to look after them,|but I must say it's hard work.

You see, we live down in the village.

Did you know them?

Yes.

It's lovely how they went, both together.

What do you mean, together?

Angela, come here!

At the same time,|as they were collecting the dung...

just over there behind you.

Not a minute between them.

Angela, do you remember?

Almost as if they'd planned it together.

They looked like two old sacks.

Off you go, quick!

If you'd like to see,|we buried them over there.

It was the year the river flooded,|and we thought they'd be better off there.

Come, I'll show you.

Follow me.

Come on.

Come on.

Angela!

You one of the family?

Come on, you two, help me with the potatoes.

I just want to finish this pipe.

Hurry up, you lazy things!

It was only many years later...

that man was Father Sergio.

All the time he spent around here...

we thought he was just a beggar...

doing odd jobs...

and trying to make himself useful.

his path took him further afield...

and we never heard of him anymore.